

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XV., NO. 4395

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1899

PRICE 2 CENTS

## At All News Dealers.

### COMMENCING SATURDAY, JAN 7

You Can Secure A Copy Of The

## HERALD'S BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR EDITION

—AT—

8 CENTS PER COPY  
While They Last.

This Sale is to Move the Last Special  
Edition Printed, 275 Views.

IF YOU ONCE WEAR

## THE AURORA KID BUTTON SHOE

You Will Wear No Other.

Price, \$3.00,  
EQUAL TO ANY \$3.50 OR \$4.00 SHOE

## GREEN & GOULD Sole Agents.

6 & 8 Congress Street.

It is worth seeing our miniature and complete working  
shoe factory. The finest machinery built.

We do all kinds of repairing at short notice.

## Ladies Fur Capes

### Repaired and Changed Over In The Best Manner

And Also Made Stronger Than Ever At

## JOHN S. TILTON'S,

18 Congress Street.

## ALL WHO ARE

In a position to know acknowledge the excel-  
lence of our work, and our prices are right.

## LAWRENCE,

FINE TAILORING,  
9 CONGRESS ST

## PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE HAVE LEARNED THE FACT THAT THE WINCHESTER

Is America's Greatest Heater For Water And Steam  
The Most Prominent People Get Them.

Plumbing, Piping, Tin-Roofing, In Fact All In The Plumbing Line Done By

## J. M. SMITH, High St.

## GREAT REDUCTION ON MILLINERY

## AT MOORCROFT'S.

WE ARE ALSO HEADQUARTERS FOR LADIES' AND  
CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
AT LOWEST PRICES.

12 MARKET SQUARE.

### TEA TABLE TALK.

#### THE YANKEE'S BURDEN.

With no apologies to Rudyard Kipling, or Any-  
body Else.

"Pick up the Yankee's Burden"  
We've borne it long enough;  
This managing a nation  
Has made us grout and puff,  
Relieve us of the burden—  
Their grease paint and their war;  
For centuries we've carried  
Big sticks, rapscallion squaws!

"Pick up the Yankee's Burden"  
We're tired of the load;  
Say, when we fall to thinking  
Of the rows that must be loosed,  
Tariffs, Immigration,  
Temp'rance, Woman's Rights,  
We want to pay off Congress  
And snuff out all the lights!

"Pick up the Yankee's Burden"  
We've lagged it many years,  
We're drenched with perspiration  
And almost drowned in tears;  
We're someone else's kindly  
To leave us of the body  
We'd like to take an outing  
And play a fishing rod!

"Pick up the Yankee's Burden,"  
It's given us dyspepsia,  
Eald heads and wobbly knees;  
Take up the trusts, the Mormons,  
The beer, the sugar tax,  
And let us once more straighten  
Our tumbled and aching backs!

"Pick up the Yankee's Burden."  
And let us have a rest;  
The grippe pest in New England—  
The putrified in the West—  
Ecce all of 'em, somnolent,  
And we'll hunt up some beds  
And snooze through Nineteen Hundred,  
With the blankets o'er our heads!

What a stir Kipling's poem, "The  
White Man's Burden," has made in  
American journalism! McClure's mag-  
azine bought it from him, copyrighted  
it and featured it, and now periodicals  
in the remotest corners of the country  
have copied it and commented upon its  
merits. The poem has undoubtedly  
received this extensive attention be-  
cause it is timely and Kipling's name is  
attached to it. It cannot be because of  
its unusual excellence.

The verses are all right, but some of  
the lines are not above the average. The  
poem is nothing better than many  
rhymesters could have written had Mc-  
Clure inspired them by waving a  
thousand-dollar bill before their eyes.  
It is not rash to say that McClure's  
would not have given it more than  
passing notice had it not emanated from  
Kipling's brain.

"The White Man's Burden" is not a  
bit more meritorious than poems to be  
found almost every day in various news  
papers and minor magazines of the  
land.

W. J. Henderson (who, if I am not  
mistaken, is a New York Sun man), has  
a poem on the same subject in the latest  
Criterion which is quite as strong as  
Kipling's. Yet I don't suppose it will  
be applauded one-half so vigorously.  
Bert Taylor of the Duluth (Minn.) News  
Tribune is as keen in his irony as when  
he was the city editor of the Manches-  
ter Union and used to assign me to  
church societies and special articles.  
He thus concisely and characteristically  
expresses himself on "Kiplingiana":

"His poems contain many striking  
lines, sandwiched between lines that a  
common mortal could write without  
straining his head much. But Mr. Kipling  
is not looking for immortality; he  
is looking for dollars. One can't pay  
board bills with immortality, for the  
board bills fall due first."

The Philadelphia Record comments  
as follows on the line "Have you done  
with childish days": "Childish days,  
indeed! Does the Laureate of the Sun  
goes think that the subduing of a con-  
tinental wilderness, the building of  
nearly half a hundred states and thou-  
sands of cities and the work of linking  
them together with hands of steel were  
tasks unworthy of full-grown men?"

Mr. Kipling writes good poetry, but  
we've men and women right here in  
Yankeeedom who can produce equally  
expressive verse as the Englishman.  
You know there are lots of people who  
stand in admiring awe of "notables."  
When a poem or story is brought out  
by one of the "big" magazines with the  
announcement in display type that the  
author was paid a thousand dollars for  
it, these idol-worshippers immediately  
fall over each other in their hysterical  
eagerness to procure a copy and burn  
incense before it.

It must be "just the thing" because  
it was in the Century or McClure's. As  
a matter of sober fact, however, half the  
verse in the "big" magazines isn't  
worth the paper upon which it was

written. But these folks who follow  
"the gang" in its adulation of whatever  
is "all the rage" would fall down in  
reverence before a stuffed poodle, were  
it paraded nightly.

As an indication that I am not alto-  
gether one-sided in this matter, I re-  
produce for the benefit of Mr. Kipling's  
many admirers the following piece of  
heartfelt appreciation from Sunday's  
Boston Post: "Where is there another  
living poet today who commands an au-  
dience like that of Rudyard Kipling?  
He speaks to the whole race—a race  
which circles the world with the Eng-  
lish language. His poems do not await  
slow transmission in print across the  
seas; they are cabled around the globe,  
published, copied and read by millions  
simultaneously. And it is not alone by  
reason of the wonderful power, force  
and effectiveness of his language, but  
because of the statesmanlike insight of  
his poet which guides their inspira-  
tion."

Fogg.

### CLUB NOTES.

Portsmouth Athletic Club.  
Regular monthly meeting this Mon-  
day evening.

No games were played in the whist  
tournament on Saturday.

A number of the members enjoyed a  
buffet supper at the club house on Sun-  
day evening.

Two games were played in the pool  
tournament on Saturday evening, Mc-  
Donough defeating Barnett, 100 to 93,  
and Kirkpatrick defeating Frost, 100 to 86.

The following is the standing and the  
number of games played by each con-  
testant in the P. A. C. pool tournament  
up to date:

Player	Games	Per Cent
Parker	16	985
Heeneey	13	987
Vennard	12	945
Pethic	12	941
Fisher	14	987
McDonough	10	936
Burke	14	924
Ganner	16	921
Kirkpatrick	12	916
Fobey	16	910
Whitehouse	9	908
Gentleman	15	882
Frost	10	887
Newick	12	870
Ca. nett	15	862
Cotton	11	845
Moynahan	10	834

### Warwick Club.

The Warwick club whist team easily  
defeated the Owls of the Calumet club  
of Manchester in the state whist league  
tournament on Saturday afternoon,  
twenty-six to eleven. Messrs. Shannon,  
Cotton, Hurd and Smith represented  
the Owl team, and Messrs. Pickering,  
Jimpson, Call and Mitchell defended  
the Warwick club's interest. The War-  
wicks have struck a winning clip and  
have yet to be defeated in this tourna-  
ment.

### Warner Club.

A whist tournament has been arranged  
and play is to commence this Monday  
evening.

A number of the members have also  
formed a bowling team and practice  
nearly every day in the alleys on Court  
street. Some excellent strings are  
made and a friendly contest is being  
talked up between a team in Exeter and  
the Warner boys.

The members of the Warner club  
are very cosily situated in their new  
quarters in Mechanic's block and are  
exceedingly proud of their new rooms.  
They have now two finely furnished  
rooms, with an ante-room used as a  
coat and dressing room. It makes an  
excellent home for the boys and they  
take great pride in showing it to their  
friends. The furnishings are right up  
to date and everything is provided for  
the comfort of the members.

### Portsmouth Cycle Club.

Fifteen entries have been received for  
the pool tournament, which will start  
on Tuesday evening.

The steam heating apparatus has not  
been working well the past two days  
and the boys have had to play pool  
with their gloves on.

The Lady Foresters have engaged the  
hall for this Monday evening and will  
entertain their friends. Members will  
please take notice and spend the even-  
ing with their best girl.

Electician Quinn has proven himself  
a great favorite with the boys and they  
have presented him with a handsome  
charm, suitably engraved, which shows  
the boys appreciate what he has done  
for them.

### OBITUARY.

#### Mrs. Sarah A. Holbrook.

Mrs. Sarah A. Holbrook, one of  
Portsmouth's most highly respected  
ladies, passed away this morning at her  
home on Larkitt street, at the ripe, old  
age of 84 years. She was a woman pos-  
sessed of many virtues, and will be  
greatly missed. She leaves three sons  
and two daughters to mourn her loss—  
Henry R. Holbrook, William B. Ho-  
brook, Hiram Holbrook, and Mrs. Hen-  
ry Mudge and Mrs. John Elwell. The  
remains will be taken to Somersworth  
on Wednesday for interment.

#### Mrs. Mary Foley.

Mrs. Mary Foley, one of the old re-  
sidents of the Creek district, died early  
on Sunday morning, after a long illness  
aged 93 years.  
The deceased was well known and was  
a general favorite among the older peo-  
ple.

#### Mary E. Odiorne.

Mary E., wife of Eben Odiorne, died  
at her home on Marcy street on Sun-  
day, aged fifty-three years.  
She leaves besides her husband two  
sons, George E. and Charles W., and one  
daughter Miss Emma, all of this city.

### POLICE COURT.

Patrick O'Donnell and John M. Roll,  
two marines from the navy yard, were  
arraigned before John W. Kelley, Esq.,  
in police court this morning, charged  
with mutual assault. Roll sported a  
beautiful black eye and numerous  
bruises on his face but testified that the  
marks were obtained while acting the  
part of peacemaker between two ma-  
rines who ran away at the approach of  
the officers. On the testimony of of-  
ficers Hilton and McCaffery, who saw  
a part of the fight, the two men were ad-  
judged guilty and fined \$9.00 each.  
Ernest Porter pleaded guilty to being  
drunk Sunday forenoon on Warren  
street. The court gave Porter a chance  
to disclose but the man claimed to have  
bought the liquor on Saturday night.  
He was fined \$3 and costs taxed at \$3.13.  
James Costeley pleaded not guilty to a  
warrant which charged him with as-  
saulting his wife on Saturday. Mrs. Cos-  
teley said that her husband came up to  
her while she lay on the bed with her  
eyes closed, and placing his hand over  
her mouth struck her a hard blow in the  
eye. She showed a badly discolored eye  
to back up her side of the story. Cos-  
teley denied striking her and said she  
was running through the house crying  
murder. The fact came out that the  
trouble occurred on Saturday and the  
court discharged the prisoner.

### FOR THE THIRD TIME.

General Gilman Mars' on Command  
has engaged Dr. C. W. Hidden of New  
buryport to deliver the Memorial ad-  
dress at the Soldiers' monument on the  
coming Memorial day. Twice before  
has the local Command secured this  
eloquent orator for Memorial day and  
at the close of his masterly effort at the  
monument last year, unanimously in-  
vited him to make the address in 1899  
which he accepted. Efforts have been  
made by several veteran organizations  
in Massachusetts to get the Command  
to release Mr. Hidden this year, but  
without assent, and the doctor writes  
that he "appreciates the desires of the  
Portsmouth veterans and will respond  
on the forenoon of May 30th with my  
best efforts for the comrades, living and  
dead."

## Labor Buys the Sweetest Sleep

But for insomnia or sleep-  
lessness, and that unnat-  
ural weakness and wear-  
iness of mind, body, nerve  
and muscle, a reliable tonic  
is needed, like Hood's Sar-  
saparilla, which gives  
sweet, refreshing sleep and  
overcomes that tired feel-  
ing. It has the endorse-  
ment of millions as the  
best medicine money can  
buy. Take only Hood's.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### KITTY.

Regular meeting of Riverside lodge, I.  
O. G. F., this evening.  
Miss Emily L. Shaw is again able to be  
out after a severe attack of the grip.  
Next Friday night occurs the fifth an-  
niversary of Constitution lodge, No. 88,  
K. of P. A grand time is looked for.  
Miss Amanda Latts is visiting in town.  
Leslie Bickford, clerk at Clarence M.  
Prince's store, is ill with the grip. Joseph  
Jenkins, Jr., is taking his place during  
his absence.  
About twenty of the young friends of  
Miss Cora Ray tendered her a very pleas-  
ant surprise on Friday evening. Miss  
Ray was taken completely by surprise,  
but welcomed the merry throng. The  
party broke up at late hour, all wishing  
the young hostess many happy returns.  
Rev. and Mrs. D. F. Faulkner, who have  
been quite ill, are improving.  
Supt. Melson has the mammoth snow  
plow, together with a large force of men  
cleaning the tracks of snow on the P. K.  
and Y today, and is making every effort  
to have the cars run on time.  
There was not so much ice in the river  
this morning.

Miss Marion Phillips, who has been  
quite ill with the grip, is improving.  
Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day.  
Now for a sleigh-bell party. The  
sleighing is excellent.

William McCabe passed the Sabbath  
with his family in Dover.

Mrs. Jennie Hussey, who has been  
in Salem, with her sister, Mrs. Oscar  
Clarke, returned home on Saturday eve-  
ning. Mrs. Clarke is slowly recovering  
from her severe illness.

A goodly number from here will at-  
tend the "Bellamy" in Portsmouth to-  
morrow night.

D. Web Sanborn of Boston passed the  
Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. John C.  
Neal.

F. E. Dodge has moved his family  
from Mr. Farwell's house at Dame  
street, to the tenement recently vacated  
by Winifred Bunker.

Fred Noyes of Boston passed Sunday  
with his family in town.

Fred Gray has entered the employ of  
W. W. Dunbar at the Piscataqua house  
as clerk.

A small grip was left on the nine  
o'clock car up to the ferry this morning.  
Manager A. F. Gerald of the P. K. &  
Y. road was in town Saturday.

Miss Annie R. Corson of Manchester is  
passing a few days in town.

Rev. John A. Goss of Haverhill, oc-  
cupied the pulpit at the 3d Christian  
church yesterday morning.

Rev. W. H. Hall of the Point occupied  
the pulpit at the Methodist church yes-  
terday morning, owing to the illness of  
the pastor, Rev. D. F. Faulkner.

### REMEMBERED THEIR ELE- TRICIAN.

Mr. Cornelius Quinn, Jr., was pre-  
sented with a handsome Knights of Co-  
lumbus watch chain on Saturday even-  
ing by the members of the Portsmouth  
Cyclists club, as a slight token of their  
appreciation of his efforts during their  
late minstrel performance.

Mr. Quinn is one of the most efficient  
electricians in this city and the elab-  
orate electrical display at the minstrel  
show was arranged under his personal  
supervision. Mr. Quinn refused any  
recompense for his work and the boys  
took this method of showing their gra-  
titude.

Manager Huntress presented the  
chain in a neat speech and it was gra-  
cefully accepted by Mr. Quinn in a few  
well chosen words.

### MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public  
to know of one concern in the land who  
are not afraid to be generous to the  
needy and suffering. The proprietors  
of Dr. King's New Discovery for Con-  
sumption, Coughs and Colds, have  
given away over ten million trial bot-  
tles of this great medicine; and have  
the satisfaction of knowing it has abso-  
lutely cured thousands of agonizing  
coughs. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness  
and all diseases of the Throat, Chest  
and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call  
at the Globe Grocery Co. and get a trial  
bottle free. Regular size 50c. and \$1.  
Every bottle guaranteed, or price re-  
funded.

Itchiness of the skin is horrible pin-  
gue. Most everybody is afflicted in one  
way or another. Only one safe never fail-  
ing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug  
store 50 cents.

### PERSONALS.

Frank Wentworth spent Sunday in  
town.

Howard Hanscom spent Sunday in  
Boston.

George Wadley is passing a few days  
in town.

Judge Samuel W. Emery is a visitor  
in Manchester today.

Messrs. James and Thomas Sherry  
passed Sunday in Dover.

Mr. William H. Shanks of Dover passed  
Sunday in this city with his mother.

Mr. D. Ed Hill of Newburyport, Mass., was a visitor here on Saturday.

Mrs. John Shannon is restricted to  
her home on Maplewood avenue by ill-  
ness.

Mrs. John E. Milton is confined to  
her home on Maplewood avenue by ill-  
ness.

George Parker of the Boston Law  
school, spent Sunday at his home in  
this city.

Mr. John Long and wife visited Dover  
on Sunday and attended the funeral of  
James Cassidy.

Messrs. Fred George and Frank  
Bickford returned from Boston Sunday  
evening on the pullman.

Mr. Frank E. Tucker of Maplewood  
avenue was reported as being somewhat  
more comfortable on Sunday.

Mr. George Wadley of Boston passed  
Sunday in this city with his mother,  
Mrs. Dole Wadley, Lexington street.

Mrs. Holbrook, mother of Philip Hol-  
brook, is ill with febrile fever at  
the home of Mr. Thomas Grandstand.

Miss Nellie Monahan of the Boston  
Mills depot restaurant returned to her  
duties today after a four weeks' ab-  
sence.

George Parker, Esq., of the Harvard  
Law school passed Sunday with relatives  
in this city.

Herbert Boynton of Lynn, Mass., and  
in town on Sunday, called here to at-  
tend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Della  
McIntire.

The many friends of Mrs. Leonard  
Hilton will regret to learn that she is  
seriously ill at her home on South  
street.

E. O. Sessions leaves today for New  
York to accept a position as traveling  
representative of an electrical supply  
house.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bonick of Bos-  
ton started South last week, to spend  
the rest of the cold season in that sul-  
lary climate.

Miss Bernadette McCourt of the Bos-  
ton and Maine railroad restaurant went  
to Boston today to pass her vacation  
with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Schenck  
of Lynn, Mass., who have been  
guests of friends in this city, returned  
home on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Woodman Stuart are  
guests, probably for the remainder of  
the winter, of his daughter, Mrs. Wil-  
comb and husband of Boston.

The friends of little Gladys Young,  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A.  
Young, will be pleased to learn that  
she is recovering from her recent illness.

William Allen, clerk for John B. Stee-  
ton, has recovered from a week's illness  
and resumed his duties this morning.  
Arion Ballou substituted for him dur-  
ing his illness.

Mr. Horace W. Walden, treasurer  
and general manager of the Portsmouth  
Gas, Electric Light and Power com-  
pany, has returned from a trip to the  
west, where he has been engaged in  
auditing books.

Mrs. Edward W. Henry of Dover  
arrived here on Sunday evening  
called here by the nephew, Mr.  
father, Thomas E. Henry, Esq.,  
day evening Mr. Henry was  
being somewhat ill.

Former Gov. David H.  
Antrim, widely known, has  
state through his attorney, Mr.  
order him to be removed to  
hospital. He is now in  
is not yet able to move, but  
society over the release of



THE FIRST KISS.  
—  
"The first kiss, dear, and then your hand—your little hand so sweet. And whiter than the white, white sand that twinkled at your feet, and tenderly within my own! Have you such lovely hands? No wonder that the whippoorwill makes sweet the autumn lands!"

It seemed to me that my poor heart would beat to death and break. While all the world—Sweetheart! Sweetheart! seemed singing for my sake!

And every rose that barred the way in glad and dying grace. Forgive its faded summer day and, leaning, kissed your face!

I envied all the roses then and all the rosy ways that blossomed for your sake are still my life's bright yesterday. But thinking of that first, sweet kiss, and that first clasp of hands, Life's whippoorwill sing sweeter now through all the autumn lands!

## A WAYSIDE ROMANCE

BY C. E. BURROW.

I was travelling southward in no particularly contented mood—at least, it seemed to me to think that I was going against my will, and solely out of respect to my father's brother, who had summoned me to his house on a matter which might have stirred my blood. A little had I chosen to give my fancy range.

I had recently, by the death of my father, come into a moderate fortune. I was the only child, and my mother had died long before, so that, apart from a few legacies, I was sole heir. You may be sure that life shone before me; it seemed to me a field for high adventure, a thing stuffed with romance. From the empty pockets of a boy I had suddenly risen to the full purse of a man of substance; and, to be honest, I think it was somewhat of my honor that I made no evil use of my new power. I had many faults then, pride being the chief; but since those days I have learned wisdom.

Well, then, some three-fourths of the way between Worcester, from which I started, and Dorking, in Surrey, to which I was journeying, I stopped to change horses, and for my own and my servants' refreshment. During the last hour I had been thinking a good deal of what awaited me at my uncle's, and my pulse began to have the better of my will. In a word, I was going to see the girl whom I was destined to marry.

My father and his brother had not been on the best of terms for many years; but that had not prevented from arranging that their children should wed—an arrangement in which I had never been consulted, or, so far as I knew, the lady either. To add to the uncertainty of the whole affair, I had never seen her; I did not even know whether she were ugly or beautiful, short or tall. I might be going to assume a bondage of roses or of steel.

However, I was determined that if the damsel did not please me, or if her, that there should be no marriage. I had no taste for martyrdom, and had too delicate a stomach to take a wife without love.

I told the landlord to have fresh horses ready in an hour, and to attend to my servants' appetites, and also bade him send me a meal as quickly as he could; I intended to end my journey before sunset, and sleep that night in my uncle's house. He took my orders placidly, and conducted me to the parlor. It was empty, and I sat down by an open window to look out upon the village street. I began to nod in my chair.

And with this nodding came a pleasant dream, and, of course, it was about her, whom I was on my way to meet. It seemed that I saw her standing in a sunny orchard, with ripening apples over her head, and her face and dress were flecked with the moving shadows of leaves. The grass was high about her feet, reaching, indeed almost to her knees; her brown hair floated free about her shoulders; and there was a sweet smile on her lips, and so inviting a glance in her eyes, that I made forward as though to clasp her.

"Nay, Cousin Nigel," she said; "wait, Cousin Nigel," and stepped back. All my thought at once became now to win this fair creature of the orchard; but with that I awoke, and found myself in the parlor of the "George and Dragon," and there was a maid setting out my meal.

As I turned to the table there was a great noise of wheels and shouting, and I stood up to see what sort of traveler came with such a tumult of arrival. A chaise drew up before the door. A very elegantly dressed man stepped out and handed forth a woman after him; she took his hand timidly, without looking into his face, and I saw that she would have freed it again long before he had a mind to let it go. She held her head so low that I could not get a clear sight of her face at that moment, but her figure was so graceful and slim, and, as it were, with such force of youth in it, that I felt myself happy only to have looked upon it. I did not like the look of the man's companion, and I liked it less when I saw him at close quarters later on.

I sat down to the table while my gentleman was giving his orders, which he did with small courtesy and great politeness, and had already made good way when the wheels of the chaise were heard again.

The man hesitated for a moment when he saw that the place was already occupied, but after looking me up and down in a manner that made the blood tingle in my cheeks, he came in without more ado and drew the girl after him. She had been crying, the tears even then were wet upon her lashes, and her breast heaved with half-suppressed sobs.

She then rose a timid, wistful figure, and then dropped her eyes, as she had gone down on her knees and begged for my consideration. It could not have made me more her servant than that glance. She was most tenderly pretty, and the more I stole furtive looks at her the more I was infinitely pleased. As to her age, it could not have been beyond eighteen, so that I felt old by comparison, and I was infinitely touched by the redness of her eyes, and cheeks where she had rubbed them with the tiny handkerchief still tightly clasped in her hand. I was sure she would have spoken to me had she dared, and I was resolved that, at any rate, we should not part unacquainted.

As for the child's companion, the mere sight of him, added to her tears, made me sick. He was not altogether an ill-looking man, and might by some have been accounted handsome; but he had a brutal mouth, a shifty, restless eye, and was of a savorily insolent complexion that I did not like. He seated himself close to the lady, and would have ventured some tender-ness with her, but she gave him no encouragement; at which, smiling grimly to himself, he watched her as a cat watches a frightened bird.

I went on eating for some time and applied myself with great attention to the wine, in order to spur a somewhat tardy tongue. In half an hour I knew my carriage would be ready, and that was but a short time to succor beauty in distress, for that was what my heart conjectured the scene before me to represent. At last, leaning back in my chair and uttering a sigh of satisfaction, I found my voice.

"I give you good-day, sir. This inn serves fair refreshments, and is better than it looks."

"I've known worse," he said, glancing at the table; then he turned his back on me again.

"You travel fast," I said, "as though upon some pleasant errand."

"Or as though the runners were behind," he said.

"No, no; even they, surely, would respect your company. The errand must be pleasant."

"Your conjecture, sir," he said, "may be right or it may be wrong. I imagine that to be my business."

"Come," said I, "don't be angry, but drink a glass with me. We meet only to part, and good liquor will dwell better in the memory than curt words."

"Sir," he answered, eyeing me savagely, "I desire neither your liquor nor your acquaintance, and you may drink your wine yourself."

"I thank you," I said, "for so gracious a permission, and may you learn better manners before you grow too old."

"Bravo!" he sneered, "and a pretty pair of you? The boy is impudent and deserves a whipping, and you," turning to the lady, "not much less. For God's sake stop sniveling and be done with this nonsense."

"As for the whipping," said I, dropping a hand on my sword, "I take and give only whippings with steel."

"Bravo!" he sneered, "and a pretty hand you make at the game, I'll be bound."

"I'm at your service, sir," I said, draining my glass.

The fellow was terribly put out, but I could see that he had good reason to avoid a quarrel; he looked from me to the window and from the window to the lady, and bit his lip with rage.

After a pause he said more quietly: "I fight only with men, and then with such as can show beads."

"For the lack of the beard," said I, "you have to thank my razor."

"Indeed," he said; "then the razor must be like my lord chancellor, and do little work."

"You have a pretty wit, sir."

"I have often been commended for it."

"Doubtless by men, then," said I, "for it bites too sharply for women."

"Nay, you mistake, for women are my greatest flatterers." He smiled so grossly at the girl that if my lord had had to answer for it I could not have held my tongue.

"Is it a woman's way to flatter by tears?" I asked.

"You young dog! If I had time and were unnumbered I'd shut that saucy tongue of yours!" he cried.

"I asked for information, sir, not for threats. I thought that in your charming society, which I enjoy immensely, women might find their pleasure in tears."

"You think too much, boy," he said; and then, with an oath, he left the room and I heard him cursing the landlord for his delay in serving him, calling him more foul names than were proper for a girl to listen to. That was my opportunity, and I was quick to take it, the more ready as the lady's imploring eyes met mine again in full gaze.

"Madam," said I, "if you are in any trouble, and need a protector, my sword and life are at your service. I ask no questions—it is yours to command."

"Oh, sir," she answered, "I have been wicked, and as it were, with such force of youth in it, that I felt myself happy only to have looked upon it. I did not like the look of the man's companion, and I liked it less when I saw him at close quarters later on."

I sat down to the table while my gentleman was giving his orders, which he did with small courtesy and great politeness, and had already made good way when the wheels of the chaise were heard again.

The man hesitated for a moment when he saw that the place was already occupied, but after looking me up and down in a manner that made the blood tingle in my cheeks, he came in without more ado and drew the girl after him. She had been crying, the tears even then were wet upon her lashes, and her breast heaved with half-suppressed sobs.

She then rose a timid, wistful figure, and then dropped her eyes, as she had gone down on her knees and begged for my consideration. It could not have made me more her servant than that glance. She was most tenderly pretty, and the more I stole furtive looks at her the more I was infinitely pleased. As to her age, it could not have been beyond eighteen, so that I felt old by comparison, and I was infinitely touched by the redness of her eyes, and cheeks where she had rubbed them with the tiny handkerchief still tightly clasped in her hand. I was sure she would have spoken to me had she dared, and I was resolved that, at any rate, we should not part unacquainted.

step sounded outside the door. He entered, scowling, and glanced suspiciously at us; but as I had not moved and the lady was still trying to dry her tears, he said nothing and sat down again at her side. A moment later food and wine were brought, and as they took their place at the table I rose and looked at my old station by the window.

My blood was up, and by this time I had forgotten all about the object of my journey, the lady's youth, and beauty had made me so single and at the same time so strong an appeal to me that I stopped to consider nothing more. I have never, in all my life, been able to stand against a woman's weeping, and at the time at which I then was, just in the first flush of freedom, I was as much in a hurry to reason with myself as I was at the window, but in such a way that I missed nothing that passed at the table, and the more I saw the more I hated for battle.

Northfield rose, and drank deeply, but the girl hardly carried a morsel to her mouth, and when she did the quivering of her lips was painful to see. He urged her to take more, but she only shook her head, and at last put down her knife and fork altogether.

"Come, child," he said, "I begin to weary of this nonsense; I don't want a crying baby on my hands."

"I can't help crying," she said.

"You must help it, my lady; people will think strange things to see your red eyes and perhaps spoil the sport."

My carriage was being brought round, and the sound of it made the man prick up his ears. At the same moment an idea shot into my head.

"The chaise is ready," Northfield said; "quick, drink something at least, if you cannot eat."

He filled a glass with wine, and I could have sworn he adroitly dropped some accursed powder into it.

"Drink," he said, pushing it toward her.

"You are mistaken," said I; "that carriage is mine."

The girl had put out her hand to take the glass, but I snatched it away and moved toward the door and purposely stumbled against her arm; the glass was upset, and as the liquor soaked into the cloth there the powder lay upon the surface like fine gray sand.

"A thousand pardons!" I said.

"You clumsy fool!" cried Northfield, rising as though to strike me. But he thought better of it, and took the lady roughly by the arm.

"Come, we will leave this gentleman to play the fool alone," he said.

"I'm going back," she said. "I will go—no further with you."

"Come," he said, and tightened his hold upon her arm until she cried out.

"Sir," said I, staring at the stained cloth, "did you ever know red wine to have gray drags before?"

He turned pale, and the girl cried out again; she tried to free herself, and called in terror that she would not go. He clapped a heavy hand over her mouth.

"Mr. Northfield, if that is your true name," I said, "you're a rogue, and the lady shall not stir a step."

He released her suddenly to confront me and in answer to a signal she ran round and stood trembling by my side.

"You see, she puts herself under my protection," said I. "It is not nice for a gentleman to drug a lady's wine; indeed, the law might have something to say."

"By God!" he cried, his face white with passion, "you shall pay for this. She's my wife!"

He loosened his sword; I glanced out of the window, and saw that my carriage was almost ready.

"No, no!" cried the girl.

"Keep close to me," I whispered to her, and we moved toward the door. But Northfield was there before us, and stood with his back against it, sword in hand. I drew, and, begging my companion not to spoil the chances of her escape by crying out, faced him with steeled nerves, than I could have given myself credit for.

"Stand aside!" I cried.

"Fool, do you want your lungs pricked?"

"They are a fair target—try, if it pleases you." He made a pass at me, and in a wink we had engaged. I was a fair swordsman, but he was a better. I, however, had the advantage in cooler nerves and the better position, for so long as I could keep him to the door he could not fall back. I was fearful every second that the ring of steel would bring the servants about us, and therefore, at great risk, I tried to end the matter quickly.

My chance came—he overreached himself, my point entered his breast just below the neck, and he fell forward, swooning, upon his face. In a moment I had him upon his back and his shut open; the wound was nasty, but I gladly thought not serious. I had no fancy to have the man's death on my conscience.

The lady was so weak from terror that I had almost to carry her out, but when we reached the door she plucked up courage to lean upon my arm. The landlord was blinking in the sun, and my chaise was ready. I put it into his hand, bade him not disturb the other girth for half an hour, that we might have a good start in case the fellow was to, for a point, and then, opening the carriage door, banded the girl in and made the post-horns ride for an extra knot. Directly I was seated, as it were, at such a trifling pace and in such a cloud of dust that you would have thought a royal embassy was on the road to court.

I turned back against the cushions at my companion's side and looked at her cautiously. I felt extraordinarily lifted up at the sight of her; she was so young, so sweet, so tenderly fashioned. Her left hand lay in my lap, and I saw that there was no wedding ring upon it; I had been certain before

that the man had lied. I was so moved by her nearness to me that I could not refrain from touching her fingers. They closed about mine for a happy second.

"My protector!" she murmured.

In half an hour, when heat had had time to cool I began to reflect upon the strangeness of my situation, and it was certainly sufficiently awkward to make me so slow. Here was I, a young bachelor, on my way to my mother's house, whose daughter I was to marry, and in the carriage was a girl, young and pretty, and of a most engaging person, whose name I did not know, whose parent, or ancestor, or whatever he was, I had momentarily assumed, and whose simplicity, apparently, was so profound that she was as contented in my hands as she might have been in her mother's.

In this time she appeared to be asleep, and I had not the heart to call her back to knowledge of the strange carriage and her world of sorrow. But at last, when we were some dozen miles or so upon our way, I thought it best to try to bring matters to an issue.

I touched her hand again and again her fingers answered mine; she had not been asleep after all!

"Madam," I said, "we are now travelling southward, and if your home lies in this direction I will bid my men drive you there."

"Oh, no, no, not home," she cried.

"Where, then, if not home?"

"Anywhere but home," she said; "my father will never forgive me."

"He could not, surely, withstand your pleading."

She opened her eyes and shook her head.

"He would never forgive a runaway," she said.

"Not even when the runaway thinks better of it, and returns?"

"Ah, but it is not all. If you only knew how naughty I've been!"

"Dear lady, you make much of little; I dare take my oath you have no heavy sin upon your conscience. Suppose you did run away with this rascal Northfield. There's no great harm done, and you've stopped in time."

"I believed he loved me; he said he loved me, and I was so unhappy. But he was, oh! so rough so cruel. I hated him then!"

She stamped her foot and set her little teeth together, which made the heat rise in me again. I was sorry that my sword had not pricked deeper; the man who could plot evil against so fair a life as this deserved no pity.

"Think no more of him," I said.

"You are now with me, and as safe in my keeping, if you will trust me, as in a nursery."

"I trust you—yes," she said; "you saved me."

"Ah," said I, "if I had such a sweet maid as you for a sister!"

"I will be your sister," she said, smiling into my eyes.

"Then, dear sister, you will have a brother whose life is at your command."

"You have already risked it once."

"That was nothing, child; even my groom would have done as much."

She shook her curls in pretty disbelief, and my responsibility began to weigh upon me again. For, although all this was very pretty, and a game at which I could have spent hours, yet the carriage was still flying at top speed toward my destination, and if the lady would not tell me where she lived, what was I to do? In all my uncertainty, however, and in spite of the talk of sister, I was sure of one thing, and that was, that I would not marry my Cousin Audrey.

After a time I drew to my companion again, and could not but observe how, with returning security, her love-ness grew; it seemed to expand and open, like a blossom shyly turning sunward after a storm. The thought that I insisted on taking her home I might have little opportunity to cultivate an acquaintance already dear to me put another notion into my head; and although it was wild enough I was in no mood to reject it on that score.

"I am going," said I, "to a relative in Surrey, and if you like to come with me I can promise you a courteous, if not a cordial welcome. You will be safe there, at least, and to-morrow, or at any time you wish, I will see you; father and I will plead for your forgiveness. It already grows toward evening, and we cannot now be far from my uncle's house."

"I will go with you," she said, "and, oh! thank you for the thought."

When it was settled, I began to see to what a pretty compliment I was making, and, indeed, it seemed doubtful whether my own reception would be even courteous. The circumstances in which I met the lady would, of course, explain something; but I had no reason to suppose my uncle either blind or a fool, and I was determined, from the first, to let him see where my preference lay. As to my Cousin Audrey, since she had never seen me, she could not love me, so there would be no heart broken. The probability was that she disliked the prospect of my visit as much as I did.

It was a beautiful, clear evening, wonderfully gracious and serene, and in the lone silence that fell between us I turned to the carriage window and looked out at the country through which we sped.

My companion, during all the time we had been together, had never taken any account of the country—an omission I have observed in many girls. Presumably we passed over the base of a noble hill, with white shining through the green, and all astir, as it seemed, with life.

"Then must be Dorking!" I cried.

She started and laid a hand on my arm, leaning to my side of the chance of love.

"Dorking!" she repeated, and her face paled and her voice shook.

"Way not Dorking!" I said. "We're close to Dorking now."

"Dorking!" The poor child shook with fright, and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, you're taking me home," she cried, "and I did so trust you!"

"Dear lady," I said, "if your home is here, so to speak, of mine that you are back again. Remember, I beseech you, that you never told me where you lived, nor did I question you."

She took no heed of me, but wrung her hands and cast herself back against the cushions in despair.

"To come back after all!" she cried.

"I was wicked to run away, I know, I know; but to come back the same day is a child's dream! I never really loved Mr. Northfield, but he persuaded, and persuaded, and flattered me, and at last I promised. I was to marry his cousin, whom I did never see, and I shall have to marry him!"

I listened to this speech in dumb amazement; but when it was ended I laughed aloud for joy of the light that broke upon me.

"You're not-kind to laugh," she said.

"Thank you?" I cried, catching her hand. "What is your name, sweet mistress?"

"Audrey M-Mortimer," she said.

"And mine," I cried, "is Nigel Gray, your Cousin Nigel, very much at your service, and very much in love with Cousin Audrey!"

For a moment we gazed into each other's eyes in a kind of transport, and then, without more ado, I took the little lady in my arms and kissed her.

At first she tried to be a little prim and coy, but, later, she sat upon my knee, although the chaise was narrow, and clasped her arms about my neck.

"You dear, brave cousin!" she cried.

"Am I so dreadful, and will you run away again?"

"Don't tease me, Nigel," she pleaded, and laid her cheek against mine. She was little more than a child, after all, and my heart beat high and quick to think from what, under Providence, I had saved her that day.

"What can I tell father?" she asked.

"You only left home this morning?"

"Yes, cousin."

"Tell him that you ventured on to the road to see this strange cousin of yours, and that he recognized you and picked you up."

"But that would be a story!"

"Well, I will tell it for you, if you will forgive me afterward. Do you think you will ever love me, Audrey?"

"I love you already, Cousin Nigel."

"Nigel, without the cousin."

"Nigel," she said.

And so, you see, the adventure ended happily for both of us, but I told my Uncle Mortimer, privately, exactly what had really occurred, in order that we might be on guard against the man Northfield. He, however, had had his lesson; and his wound, I suppose, not proving serious, he hid the scar and thought it best to keep a closed mouth. Indeed, not long after, he disappeared from the country, and was heard of later on in America, where I trust he was better appreciated than he ever was here.

As for Audrey, no sweeter woman ever breathed than my wife, and she has made up to me a thousandfold for thinking so lightly of me before she had ever seen my face. And for myself, though I have had many encounters since then and against heavier odds, none ever had so fair a reward.

Largest Silver Mine.

The biggest silver producer in the world at present is the Broken Hill Proprietary Company in New South Wales. The output of that company's mines for the fiscal year ending on May 31, 1898, was 6,122,270 fine ounces of silver. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company in Montana came second, with a production of 5,074,036 ounces of silver. It is worth noting that in both of these mines the silver is produced in connection with other metals—at Broken Hill with lead and at Anaconda with copper. The latter is principally a copper mine, since the metal forms the greater part of the value of its ores.

The Compania Huanchaca de Bolivia has had the operation of its mines seriously interfered with for the last two years by water and other mishaps. Its production in 1897 was 151,995 kilograms, or 4,336,673 ounces, of silver. This is not much more than one-half of the maximum output which was reached in 1893 and was 281,007 kilograms, or 9,924,285 ounces.

Sign of the Three Balls.

The three gilded balls used by pawnbrokers are the three gilded pills which the Florentine Lunking house of the 16th century assumed as their arms when they became wealthy. The founder of the family had been a medicus; his children went into banking and got rich; they assumed the canting coat of arms of the pills, and hung them out to show where their bank was—their business being largely in the nature of pawnbroking. Their rivals caught on to the idea and hung up three golden balls, and so their successors, having given up banking, retained the balls as the emblem of the pawnbroking side of the business.

Taxation in China.

The Chinese are perhaps the most lightly taxed people in the world. In China all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre—never more than a few cents—is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about 60 cents per head yearly.

Not a Flower.

A novel flower has been found at the Ichaboe Falls in Antarctica. It has a faculty of changing its color during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red and at night it is blue. Only at noon does it give out any perfume.

## THEIR TERRIBLE CALLING.

They Risk Life and Limb to Gather Rich Treasures From Niagara's Whirlpool.

The men who follow this weird calling of seeking for treasure in the raging waters of the whirlpool are almost the only inhabitants of that lonely and mysterious section of the world known as "The Unknown Niagara." It is a wild stretch that lies on the base of perpendicular rocks that tower away to the skies, and at whose feet are the waters that whirl and whirl eternally. It is here that this curious class of men, with their few hardy wives live from day to day, and for the fearful roar of the waters and but little impressed by the spectacle about them. Here they lie in wait and watch the turbulent tide like flocks or eagles watching for their prey, and no upheaval, no relief of tragedy, nothing vomiting up by the submarine eddies of that unrestful stream ever escapes their eager attention.

Once their watchful eyes catch but a glimpse of its boiling surface, be a case of supposed treasure that slips by but is waiting from a party on the extremest shore, or the human remains that anxious relatives await and are willing to pay dearly for—these bold men are about and up into the whirl of death-defying waters. And then by a series of evolutions by which they have long studied to laugh and mock at death they enter the very clutches of that grim element and bring out either the thing for which they waited, or a body laden with wealth, but whatever it is, they grasp it, and back again they leap through the bafflings of death, and upon the shores where the perpendicular rocks rise sheer to the skies.

One man, bolder and more daring than the rest, stands ready on the shore with the stoutest of ropes about his limbs, and arranged as not to interfere with his movements when he takes the leap into the whirlpool. And that leap! Those who have seen him take it say they hold their breaths and their hearts beat as he disappears beneath the raging surface. Seven strong men hold that rope, away in shore, and then when he rises, to be tossed and buffeted about, they take a double grip and shut their teeth. And when he appears it is again only for a moment, and the face is white and gasping, but even then plainly showing the grit of this strange race, as they might be called, who hazard life and all in this weird way.

It is a long and strong pull, a pull altogether, and with a shout the daring swimmer is strained away up on shore and out of the rapid whirl. Then the bold swimmer—man that he is—faints and a drink of good Canadian whiskey is brought. It is poured down his throat and he quickly recovers. When he is able to move about, in a moment or two, he is the most active in the work of preparing the remains for inspection. The body is then gotten in shape for the reception of relatives, and if it be that of a rich man, the daring rescuers are made the recipients of handsome compensation. It may be a body laden with treasure—rings of value, costly jewels, or with money in bank, sags, wallets, and if no one calls the money is held for a while and then divided.

The Curse of Italy.

Throughout the kingdom of Italy an Italian kills an Italian every two hours during the entire year by means of the knife. Such are the official statistics by Baron Garofalo, vice president and leading spirit of the league which, under the presidency of Queen Marguerite and the patronage of King Humbert, has been formed to put down homicide by depriving it of its all too convenient and all too universal weapon, the accursed knife.

During the 365 days of the year 1897, there were placed on record 530 homicides by means of the knife, a total besides which the list of killed in the sanguinary battle of Custoza, and even in the holocaust of Abba Carina in Abyssinia, sinks into insignificance. Italy is, in fact, engaged in a personal war with herself, which costs her on an average 5,000 lives annually.

The league, or association, which has been formed under these loyal auspices has very rightly



APR 19 1964

[illegible]







**ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.**  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art of winning with his humor, and he won straight to his mark, which was the human heart. Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas load.—The burden of the Commonwealth was laid; He stooped, and rose up to it, though the load Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed. Hold, warriors, counselors, kings! All now give place To this dear benefactor of the Race. R. H. STODDARD.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

From a Eulogy Delivered by Ex-President Benjamin Harrison at Chicago.

The observance of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, which has become now so widely established either by public law or by general custom, will, more and more, force the orators of these occasions to depart from the line of biography and incident and eulogy and to assume the duty of applying to pending public questions the principles illustrated in the life and taught in the public utterances of the man whose birth we commemorate. And, after all, we may be sure that the great, simple-hearted patriot would have wished it so. Flattery did not soothe the living ear of Lincoln. He was not unresponsive of friendship, not without ambition to be esteemed; but the overmastering and dominant thought of his life was to be useful to his country and to his countrymen. No college of arts had been opened to his struggling youth. He had been born in a cabin and reared among the unlettered. He was a rail-splitter, a flatboat man, a country lawyer, yet in all these conditions and associations he was a leader—at the rail-splitting, in the rapids, at the bar, in story-telling.



LIVING STILL IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

In the broad, common-sense way in which he did small things he was larger than any situation in which life had placed him. Europe did not know him. To the south and not a few in the northern states he was an uncouth fester, an ambitious upstart, a reckless disturber. The son of the cavalier, the man who felt him to be a stain, despised this son of the people, this child of toil. He was distinguished from the abolition leaders by the fairness and kindness with which he judged the south and the slaveholders. He was opposed to human slavery, not because some masters were cruel, but because "all men" included the black man. Liberty is the law of nature. The human enactment cannot pass the limits of the state; God's law embraces creation.

Mr. Lincoln had faith in time, and time has justified his faith. If the panorama of the years from '61 to '65 could have been a rollick before the eyes of his countrymen, would they have said—would he have said—that he was adequate for the great occasion? And yet, as we look back over the story of the civil war, he is revealed to us standing above all men of that epoch in his capacity and adaptation to the duties of the presidency.

Mr. Lincoln loved the "plain people," out of whose ranks he came; but not with a class love. He never pandered to ignorance or sought applause by appeals to prejudice. The equality of men in rights and burdens, justice to all, a government by all the people, for all the people, was his thought—no favoritism in enactment or administration—the general good. He had the love of the masses, and he won it fairly; not by art or trick. He could, therefore, admonish and restrain with authority. Would there were more such. There is great need of men now who can be heard both in the directors' meeting and in the labor assembly.

Qualities of heart and mind combined to make a man who has won the love of mankind. He is beloved. He stands like a greatighthouse to show the way of duty to all his countrymen and to send afar a beam of courage to those who beat against the winds. We do him reverence. We bless the memory of Lincoln.

**Lincoln Made a Convert.**  
"I have a story on Abraham Lincoln which has never been printed," said United States Judge C. C. Foster. "In the winter of 1859-60 Lincoln visited Kansas, making speeches at Troy and Atchison. At Atchison he put up at the old Massillon House, which every old-time politician will remember. Gen. Stringfellow, John A. Martin, Tom Murphy and I called upon Mr. Lincoln at the hotel. In the course of the conversation Lincoln turned to Stringfellow, who was a pro-slavery advocate, and said:

"Gen. Stringfellow, you pro-slavery fellows gave me one reason why slavery should not be prohibited in Kansas—that only the negro could break up the tough prairie sod. Now, I've broken hundreds of acres of prairie sod in my time, and the only question which remains to be decided is whether I am a white man or a nigger."

"Gen. Stringfellow admitted the force of the argument, and congratulated Mr. Lincoln upon his pointed, logical way of getting things."

**LINCOLN'S ELASTIC PARDON**  
Let Out a Friend for All He Had Done and All That He Ever Would Do.

Senator Mills has a new story about Lincoln. It was told to him by a son of John L. Helm of Kentucky, who lives in California.

"Old John L. Helm," said the Senator, "was a famous character in Kentucky. He was, if I remember rightly, a governor of the state, but at any rate his position was a most prominent one. When the civil war came on Helm was a rabid secessionist. He could not praise the South too highly and could not heap enough abuse upon the North. He was too old to go to the war with his sons, and remained at home, doing all he could to help the Confederate cause and harass the Yankees who invaded the state. Finally he became so obnoxious to the Federal Government that he was in command near Helm's home put him in prison. The old man's age, his high position which he occupied in the state, his wide connections, and especially his inability to do any actual harm, were all pleaded in his extenuation, and he was released. Instead of pronouncing the warning the old man became more persistent than ever in his course. Once more he was clapped into jail. This happened two or three times, and finally, while he was still locked up, the matter was brought to the attention of the Federal authorities. Even President Lincoln was appealed to, and asked to commit Lincoln, a Southerner to an indefinite confinement in order that he might be cured."

"Lincoln listened to the statement of the case with more than usual interest. Then he leaned back and began to speak with a smile upon his face. 'You are talking about John Helm? Well, did you know that I used to live, when I was a boy, in Helm's town? He was kind to me. He seemed to like me as a boy, and he never lost an opportunity to help me. He seemed to think I was a good boy. He seemed to like me. I had a great respect for his almost pathetic smiles. That I would probably make something of a man. Why, when I went out to Illinois, poor and unknown, that man gave me the money to pay my way and keep me until I got a start. John Helm? Oh, yes, I know him. And I know what I owe to him. I think I can fix his case.'

"And then," said Senator Mills, "Lincoln went to a desk and wrote a few words. The bit of writing is treasured up in Helm's household to this day. This is what the President wrote: 'I hereby pardon John L. Helm of Kentucky for all that he has ever done against the United States and all that he ever will do.'"

**Low Wallace's Lincoln Story.**  
General Low Wallace speaking of the great Emancipator says—

"I will tell you of an incident which I have never before made public. I do not know that it is proper, but the man whom it is about is gone and I will relate it. I had an engagement with Lincoln to call at the White House and present two ladies who desired to meet him. The time set for the call was 11 a. m. At the appointed hour I presented myself, in company with the ladies. As I was ushered in I saw at the farther end of the long room the tall form of Lincoln leaning against a window. He waved his hand, indicating that I was to take the ladies to a sofa, and then by another wave of the hand he motioned for me to come to him. My heart filled with sympathy for him, for I knew something was wrong. There were deep lines of suffering about the face, the features were drawn and pinched. His hair was thin and uncombed. He was naturally somewhat stoop-shouldered, but seemed to be especially so on this occasion. If I were to live a thousand years I would not forget the anguish of the expression of his face. I said:

"Mr. Lincoln, I hope you are not sick."

"He replied: 'No, I am not sick.'"

"I said: 'You look sad. Something terrible must have happened.'"

"He made no reply, but calling a servant he asked how long it would be until the boat left the wharf for Harrison's Landing. The answer was 'in thirty minutes.' Then, turning to me, Lincoln said in an undertone, and the sadness of his face deepened as he said it: 'I must go on that boat to Harrison's Landing on the James River.'"

"What for?" I asked, in surprise.

"His voice dropped to a whisper as he replied: 'I must go to Harrison's Landing to keep McClellan from surrendering the army.'"

"It was after the seven days' battle and the leader of the great army was retreating before the confederates."

"At this point I introduced the ladies and retired. In thirty minutes Lincoln was on board the boat, speeding away on his journey. The next I heard of him was at Harrison's Landing and the Union army was not surrendered."

**Lincoln's Selfishness.**  
Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow passenger on the old time mud wagon coach, on the corduroy road which antedated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow passenger was antagonizing this position when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out, and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out, "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other fellow don't object." The "other fellow"—who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Bull's Bluff—did not object when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no piece of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"

**Lincoln's Mother of Lincoln.**  
On February 12, 1869, a robust, honest-hearted woman brought into the world the baby who became, as some Americans think, the ideal man of America—Abraham Lincoln.

She was Nancy Hanks Lincoln. She bore and reared the child who, striking of her nature and learning of her, grew into the typical American citizen, the hater of slums, the freer of slaves, the brother and lover of the people.

Of course, no monument is ever raised to Lincoln that is not, by implication, a monument to Nancy Hanks. There is no bronze or marble for him that is not for her also.

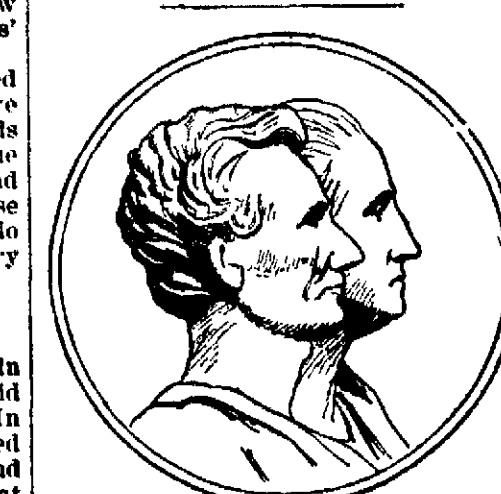
But do you know what her only inheritance memorial is? It is Nancy Hanks, mother of the Chicago man that trotted a mile in two minutes and four seconds.

**NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.**  
Lincoln's mother, big-minded, wholesome woman that she was, would doubtless take a merry pride in her monument. She would glory in the strength and speed of the famous mare. She would rejoice in the record of Nancy Hanks, the 2:04 record made at Terre Haute, Ind., in 1892, with which she retired from the turf.

But isn't it a curious thing that Nancy Hanks, ex-trotter, is the only memorial American horse of Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln?

To-day we celebrate the birthday of the man who, next to Washington, stands highest in the estimation of Americans and the rest of the world. One never tires of studying that strong, homely countenance. It is a masterpiece in physiognomy.

**Lincoln's "Selfishness."**  
Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow passenger on the old time mud wagon coach, on the corduroy road which antedated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow passenger was antagonizing this position when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out, and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out, "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other fellow don't object." The "other fellow"—who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Bull's Bluff—did not object when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no piece of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"



Abraham Lincoln, born Feb. 12, 1809, George Washington, born Feb. 22, 1732.

Speaking of Mr. Lincoln's methods in the court room and in jury trials, a writer says: "Lincoln's tact was remarkable. He carefully studied and thought out the best way of saying everything, as well as the substance of what he should say. This was especially true in jury trials. Sometimes he seemed to take a delight in expressly conceding to his opponent every proposition and fact which his own client or the spectators thought to be in his favor, and then to the surprise of all taking some unexpected but firm position which controlled and won the case."

**HELPED HIM GET HIS PAY.**  
President Lincoln's Kindness to a Tired and Lost Soldier.

One day President Lincoln had been at the office of the Secretary of War and was traversing the long halls at the War and Navy buildings, sedate, unassuming and unattended, when he met a worn soldier, in a tattered uniform of blue, evidently at a loss among the many doors along the corridor. For a moment he watched the man as he wandered uncertainly from point to point, and then accosted him.

"My good man, whom do you wish to see?"

The soldier looked at his questioner and, noting the kindly interest in his face, replied that he was just from the army of the Potomac, having been discharged the day before, upon the expiration of his three year term of service, that he wished to go to his home in Vermont, but that he had been obliged to stop in Washington to get the money that was due him, as the regimental paymaster had given him an order for the money, payable in Washington. For hours he had been wandering about the city and the public buildings, looking for the office to whom his order was directed, but as yet he had been unable to find him. He had been told that the paymaster The President's face beamed. He general was in this building, and he was now looking for his office.

He knew that the paymaster general was got the person who actually paid the individual soldier, and he did not know where the proper officer was to be found, but he did know that through his assistance this bronzed and ragged private, who exemplified the great self-sacrificing loyalty of the nation, could be paid, and taking a blank card from his pocket, he held it against the wall and with a short pencil wrote upon it as follows:

"This poor soldier is in distress because he can get no pay. Will paymaster general please have him put on the right track to get his pay."

"Nor, 9th, 1864. A. Lincoln."

Handing this message to the veteran, he directed him where to find the office of the paymaster general and instructed him to present the card at the door.

It is unnecessary to state that the soldier promptly obtained his pay and left the capital for his Green Mountain home.

**The Mother of Lincoln.**  
On February 12, 1869, a robust, honest-hearted woman brought into the world the baby who became, as some Americans think, the ideal man of America—Abraham Lincoln.

She was Nancy Hanks Lincoln. She bore and reared the child who, striking of her nature and learning of her, grew into the typical American citizen, the hater of slums, the freer of slaves, the brother and lover of the people.

Of course, no monument is ever raised to Lincoln that is not, by implication, a monument to Nancy Hanks. There is no bronze or marble for him that is not for her also.

But do you know what her only inheritance memorial is? It is Nancy Hanks, mother of the Chicago man that trotted a mile in two minutes and four seconds.



NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.

**Lincoln's Mother, big-minded, wholesome woman that she was, would doubtless take a merry pride in her monument. She would glory in the strength and speed of the famous mare. She would rejoice in the record of Nancy Hanks, the 2:04 record made at Terre Haute, Ind., in 1892, with which she retired from the turf.**

But isn't it a curious thing that Nancy Hanks, ex-trotter, is the only memorial American horse of Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln?

To-day we celebrate the birthday of the man who, next to Washington, stands highest in the estimation of Americans and the rest of the world. One never tires of studying that strong, homely countenance. It is a masterpiece in physiognomy.

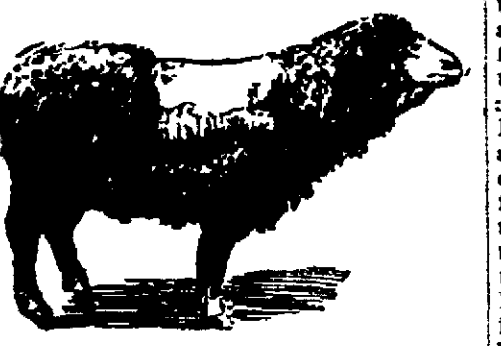
**Lincoln's "Selfishness."**  
Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow passenger on the old time mud wagon coach, on the corduroy road which antedated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow passenger was antagonizing this position when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out, and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out, "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other fellow don't object." The "other fellow"—who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Bull's Bluff—did not object when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough, and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no piece of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"

Speaking of Mr. Lincoln's methods in the court room and in jury trials, a writer says: "Lincoln's tact was remarkable. He carefully studied and thought out the best way of saying everything, as well as the substance of what he should say. This was especially true in jury trials. Sometimes he seemed to take a delight in expressly conceding to his opponent every proposition and fact which his own client or the spectators thought to be in his favor, and then to the surprise of all taking some unexpected but firm position which controlled and won the case."

**TO ERADICATE SHEEP SCAB.**  
A Disease Which Is Easily Controlled If Properly Handled.  
A PARASITE THE CAUSE.  
It Is Responsible for Great Losses to the Sheep-Raising Community.

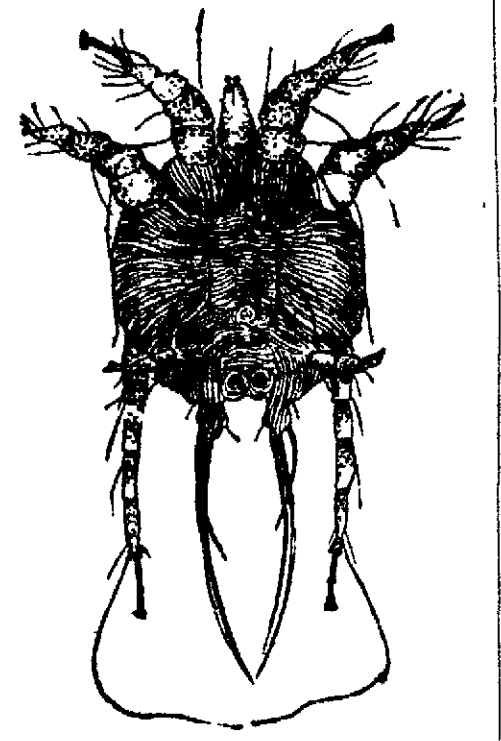
**Necessity of Combating the Disease.**  
Sheep in an Advanced Stage of Scab Are Unfit for Food—The Importance of Dipping Properly and Frequently—Much Care Required.

The scab of sheep should not be allowed to exist in any sheep-raising country. It is caused by a parasite which is easily killed and eradicated and if this parasite is exterminated, the disease will no longer develop. Sheep in an advanced stage of scab are feverish and unfit for food and shippers hereafter who forward



ADVANCED CASE OF COMMON SCAB.

animals for slaughter in this condition will be likely to lose heavily upon them, as they will be subject to quarantine and condemnation. There is probably no disease in this country, with the single exception of hog cholera, which causes greater losses among the domestic animals, than does sheep scab, and at the same time, none which is so easily, cheaply and certainly cured. The sheep-raisers are intelligent and progressive men and most of them recognize the necessity of combining to combat the disease. In many cases, however, more particularly among owners of small flocks, there are many erroneous ideas prevalent regarding the exact nature of the disease and the means by which it may be eradicated. Numerous different sheep dips are recommended, and undoubtedly most of them are effective. Every sheepman ought to know, however, that when he has decided upon the dip he is to use his work has only begun; to use the dip properly is fully as important as to use a dip at all. One dipping does not suffice because there



CAUSE OF "SHEEP SCAB"—ENLARGED.

may be eggs unhatched at the first dipping and in order to secure these at the right stage a second dipping in ten days is found necessary.

**Summer Stable Rations for Cows.**  
As a rule dairymen milk early in the morning and again early in the evening. The practice of depending on the pasture alone for feed is not conducive to a large and continuous flow of milk even if the cows are permitted to occupy the pastures continually during the summer months. A grain ration is absolutely necessary for the best results and this can be most economically and profitably fed if the cows are permitted to occupy the pasture only during a portion of the day. If the night milking is done early in the evening, the cow should have any grain ration that has proven to be the best, with some fresh hay of soiling crop after the grain. The morning milking is done at four or five o'clock and the cows are then turned out to pasture to remain until noon when they are brought to the barn, fed with grain and hay and watered. They are kept in the stables until after the milking the next morning. Although this treatment may not be in accord with the practice of the reader it will be found profitable if it has a fair trial.

**Proper Soil for Apples.**  
Doubtless more failures in fruit culture are due to unsuitable soil than to any one thing except proper culture. When the setting of an apple orchard is contemplated the soil should be tested as to its fitness for the trees, which is easily done by growing a crop of potatoes or corn on it. If the yield is good the soil is in proper condition for apple trees. If the yield is poor or indifferent, the soil should be built up by the application of fertilizers and rotation of crops. Any good soil in a reasonably high situation will do for an apple orchard if in good cultivation and kept so. The situation may be level without objection, but low lands are not suitable for orchards, nor are sandy soils that do not retain the fertility necessary to successful apple culture. A deep rich soil is especially suited to orchards, and if the proper varieties are planted and the land has the attention needed to keep the fertility up to the demands upon it, the orchard will be a profitable investment.

**FEEDING THE CATTLE.**  
Regularly Required and Most Results Obtained by Variety of Rations.

With cattle intended for market it is essential that quick growth and early maturity should be secured if the best profit is realized. Under ordinary conditions 30 months should be the average length of time that cattle should be kept before market. In some cases they may be profitably marketed younger, and under certain conditions it may be necessary to feed longer. No rule can be laid down that can be considered best under all conditions. But there is certainly no advantage in feeding any longer than is necessary to put the cattle into condition for market.

The feed and care from the start should be such as will most economically secure the best growth. In all feeding for profit the cost must be considered. The advantage in providing good dry shelter, giving a variety of food, and watering regularly, is that a better gain can thereby be secured at the lowest cost. Each of these things is an item which, if properly looked after, will reduce the cost of feeding, and in realizing the best profit every advantage must be taken to lessen the cost.

Cattle require less exercise than horses or sheep, yet every day that the weather will permit it will be advisable to turn them out, if only for two or three hours, and allow them to walk around. The fresher air and the exercise will be beneficial. But in doing this it is never advisable to expose them to extreme cold or storms. Animal heat must come from the food, and exposure to extreme cold or to storms only increase the amount of food necessary to sustain animal heat, giving no return. It simply increases the cost of feeding. Much less grain is required to keep growing cattle thrifty when they are well sheltered than when they are exposed.

There should be a regular time for feeding and watering, dividing the time so that there will not be long intervals between the feeding and watering. While cattle will not drink so much water in winter as in summer, yet what they do drink is as necessary to health, and comfort and it is essential that they have a supply regularly. Another item is not to have the water too cold or to compel the cattle to go any considerable distance for it. It chills them through, and this the feed must make up, so that it is too costly.

Have water convenient. If it is taken fresh from a well or cistern, it will be several degrees warmer than from a frozen pond.

Growing cattle should have all the roughness they will eat—hay, corn, fodder and straw, and then sufficient grain to keep thrifty. The cost may be lessened somewhat if bran, ship-stuff and oilmeal is given in connection with corn. It is all right to make corn the principal ration, but better results can be secured by feeding a variety.

The condition of the animals themselves must largely determine the amount of the grain ration. The animals must be kept thrifty, and sufficient food must be supplied to secure this, as anything less than this is a waste of food. By keeping the cattle thrifty during the winter it is comparatively easy to maintain a rapid growth during the spring and summer with good pasturage.

**Orchard and Garden.**  
—Wire is better than wood for any kind of grape trellis.

The older a tree gets the less adapted it is to transplanting.

—Give the orchard good care; it will pay better than any other labor.

—The roots extend as far from the tree as its entire height.

—Small fruit plants that are set out late should be well mulched.

—Letting the sunshine in will often prevent mildew in apple trees.

—An apple or cherry tree is much more valuable if it shoots out low.

—In setting out roots at any time, never allow the roots to become dry.

—Nectarines or apricots will thrive anywhere that the peach or plum will.

—Pear trees are much inclined to grow too thick in the center, trim out well.

—Raspberries and blackberries may be propagated by suckers, layers or cuttings or roots.

—With plenty of wood ashes as a top dressing no manure is needed for young trees.

—Pruning may be done at any time during the winter, when the trees are not frozen.

—One of the best remedies for the rose slug is a strong stream of water from a small hose.

—Always plant thrifty trees, and always select young trees in preference to those that are overgrown.

—After the trees have been in bearing for three years the orchard may be seeded down to clover.

—If you dwarf the top of a young, newly-set tree that is making a rapid growth, you are dwarfing the roots.

**Hogs in the Orchard.**  
To obtain the best results from orchards, clean cultivation of the soil is essential, and especially so in the young and rapid growing days of the trees. The plan of attempting to crop the soil is wrong and fruit growers are fast abandoning it. Undoubtedly the best success with orchards comes from tilling the soil, and this is particularly true in dry seasons. No grasses of any kind should be permitted to grow. Insects and diseases are best managed by the use of the spray, and no method of cultivation can take the place of this work. When orchards are located on hill-sides, or the trees are so set that the soil between them cannot be advantageously cultivated, it is a good plan to turn hogs and sheep into the orchard during the growing season. If the herd is of good size they will eat all of the decayed fruit that drops, besides the grasses that grow around and between the trees frequently getting down to the root of the grasses. This is equivalent to tilling, and if grain is fed the animals the droppings will materially add to the fertility of the soil. Either plan is good, but thorough tilling is to be preferred to the use of hogs or sheep. In either case, remember that insecticides and the sprayer must be faithfully used.

**PERFECTION.**

A Machine Which writes The YOST

Uses no Ribbon prints direct upon the paper.

Don't waste money fixing your typewriter often. The Yost is the best out of all others: hence its regular customer.

**The New No. 4 Yost Type-Writer**  
Our Stationary Pointer Saves the Eyesight.

We have Second-Hand Type-Writers for sale, Write us if you wish your office properly equipped.

For Particulars and Information Apply at This Office.

**Self-Cleaning Hand Rake**  
A Novelty And a Necessity.

The acme of perfection in a lawn and garden rake. You can rake for hours with this rake and dead leaves and grass cannot clog.

This is a recent patent and patent right will be sold at a bargain. Address,

**D. L. P., PORTSMOUTH HERALD OFFICE,**  
**Portsmouth, N. H.**

Thousands of contents riders are enjoying new cycling pleasures which can only be had through the possession of a

**COLUMBIA Bevel-Gear**  
**Chainless Bicycle, \$125.**

These riders are up-to-date. They can afford the best and will have nothing else. They consider our reputation and 21 years' experience when we tell them Bevel Gears accurately cut are the most improved and best form of cycle construction.

**Columbia Chain Wheels, \$75.**  
**Hartfords, \$50. Vendettes, \$40 and 35.**

**W. W. McIntire, - - High St.**

**A GOOD SUIT OR OVERCOAT**  
Made to Order — AND — Up to Date  
Prices According to Selection.

**Wm. P. Walker.**  
Leading and Oldest Custom Tailor in Portsmouth.  
Market Square.

**THOMAS LOUGHLIN,**  
BOTTLER OF  
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Lager, Jones' Golden Ale, and  
All Kinds of Light Drinks.  
Family Trade Supplied  
Orders by Telephone Promptly Attended.  
OFFICE AND WORKS, MAPLEWOOD AVENUE!

**SANIAL-MIDY**  
These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Capibariba, Cubes or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same disease without inconvenience.

**Gray & Prime.**  
DELIVER  
**COAL**  
No Dust No Ashes

**PILES**  
For sale by George Hill, Druggist.



## Lewis E. Staples Clearance Sale

Continues Through This Week

Good Bye Prices Are Put On Lots Of Goods.

Dress Goods, Cloaks, Wrappers,

Blankets,

ALL GOOD LOTS AND REMnants.

Unbleached Cotton 3 1-2c  
Bleached Cotton 4 cts.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,  
7 Market Street.

## OUR FIRST DUTY

Is to Compound Prescriptions.

We are always ready to do that, from early morning until late at night you'll find dependable service here. And when we say dependable service, we not only mean that a skilled pharmacist will prepare your medicines, but that each ingredient will be of the best quality and in perfect condition.

We are reasonable in price, too.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

FRANKLIN BLOCK.

Portsmouth, N. H.

## W. E. Paul

Sanitary Plumber,

Heating Engineer

and Contractor.

WINDMILLS AND PIPING.

SOLE AGENT FOR

MAGEE

Boston Heater Furnace

MAGEE

Grand Ranges and Stoves.

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOOD.

TELEPHONE 55-5.

39 to 45 Market Street,

JOHN G. TOBEY, JR.

SURVEYOR,

AUCTIONEER,

REAL ESTATE

AND INSURANCE

32 Congress St.

WE HAVE

## CANDY

At All Prices From

10 Cents a Pound Up.

Call and See Our St.ck.

RALPH GREEN,

35 Congress Street.

## THE HERALD.

MONDAY, FEB. 13, 1909

### OBSEQUES.

The funeral of Mrs. Andrew J. McIntire was held from the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday afternoon and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends of the deceased. Rev. William Warren, pastor of the church, conducted the services while the following gentlemen officiated as pallbearers: Daniel McIntire, William Rand, John F. Leavitt and A. M. Gardner. Interment was in the family lot in Sagamore cemetery by O. W. Ham.

The funeral of Mrs. Eliza Clark was held on Sunday afternoon from her late home on Pleasant street. Rev. Lucas Thayer, pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. A large number of relatives and friends of the deceased were present and many beautiful floral tributes were sent. Interment was in Undertaker O. W. Ham's tomb.

The last rites consequent on the death of Mrs. Joseph Boylston were held at her late home this morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. Lucas H. Thayer, pastor of the North church, officiating. There was a large gathering of sorrowing relatives and friends. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. The remains were sent to Portland by Funeral Director O. W. Ham at 10.25 for interment.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Samuel French were held at the Congregational church in North Hampton at two o'clock this afternoon. Interment was in charge of Undertaker O. W. Ham of this city.

### A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

Mrs. George Leath, who keeps a boarding house on Bridge street, had a narrow escape from serious injury and perhaps death by the explosion of a kitchen stove on Saturday morning. She had built a lively fire in the range, which had a water tank attachment, and had stepped into the dining room in pursuance of her household duties, when a tremendous explosion shook the house to the foundation.

Neighbors, hearing the explosion, rushed in and aided in extinguishing the fire started by the live coals. It is believed that water in the pipes, connected with the range had frozen in the bitter cold of Friday night and the sudden making of steam, which could not circulate, caused the explosion. Water, fire and ice are not a happy combination under such circumstances.

### CITY BRIEFS.

The snow storm bids fair to equal anything we have had this season.

The crew of the fishing schooner Clara Sewell are a hardy looking lot of men.

The snow being so light, not much damage has been done to the telegraph and telephone wires.

A party of a dozen or more local politicians went to Brentwood this morning to inspect the county property there.

Judge Emery and associate Judge Adams both being out of town today City Solicitor Kelley presided in police court.

The "No school" signal was sounded at 8.30 o'clock this morning and again at 11.30. Supt. Simpson deeming the weather unfit for the school children to be out in.

### What a Woman Thinks About It

"I had soreful sores that discharged all the time, but was taking half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla they are all gone. I feel I am much stronger when I take Hood's. I do not think I should be alive today had it not been for Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. Lousa Corson, South Bridgton, Maine.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, headache.

### YORK END OF P. K. & Y. BLOCKED

The York end of the P. K. & York street railway is blocked, and it is impossible to get a car through. The last storm blocked the road and large cuts had to be made and they have all filled in, and Supt. Meloon has found it necessary to abandon travel to York for the present, although every nerve has been strained to keep the road open. The cars are running about five or ten minutes late from Sea Point to the ferry. Mr. Meloon is doing his level best to keep the cars between Sea Point and the ferry running.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.

Chicago, Ill.

## LOST WHILE HAULING TRAWLS

Three of Sewell's Crew Stray  
Away From Vessel.

Two of Them Reach the Cape Exhausted.  
Third Picked up by Passing Vessel.

A telephone message from the Jerry's Point life saving station early on Sunday evening stated that the fishing schooner Carrie B. Sewell came in close to the station just before dark and reported as having lost three men about seven miles southeast of the Shoals during a blinding snow storm of that morning.

The little schooner, with a crew of twelve men, left Newton's wharf early on Sunday morning for the fishing grounds. Arriving there the dories were put overboard and the men started to set the trawls. Shortly after nine o'clock a blinding snow storm set in, which grew so bad that it was impossible to see more than a boat-length away. After considerable difficulty all the dories reached the schooner except three, containing a man in each. Every effort possible at the time was made to find them, but without success. The schooner cruised around until late in the afternoon, when she made for the harbor and reported the loss to the life saving crew.

As darkness came on it stopped snowing and the captain of the Sewell determined to return once more to the spot in hopes of finding some trace of the three men. A number of torches were lashed to the rigging to serve as a beacon and the little schooner sailed away into the night.

The names of the three missing men could not be learned on Sunday evening and a visit to the fishing fleet at Newton's wharf was unsuccessful in finding out who they were.

The Carrie B. Sewell hailed from Boston and has been fishing out of this port for the past two weeks. Captain Mayo of the Jerry's Point life saving station crew thinks the men had a chance of making a landing somewhere on the coast, as it was not very rough on Sunday, only biting cold. If they did not reach shore before night there is little doubt but what they have frozen to death before this time and thereby adding another to the long list of sea horrors that have occurred along the New England coast during the present winter.

### LATER.

Word was received here this morning that two of the men who had been lost from the schooner Carrie Sewell had succeeded in reaching Rockport at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon in a half frozen condition. The men gave their names as Ernest Maguire and Augustus Schlicht. They were cared for by the kind people of that place. The third man, whose name is not known, is said to have been picked up by a passing vessel but nothing definite could be learned of the name of the vessel.

It seems that the Sewell was not the only vessel to lose a man. The Amos Cutter, which reached this port last evening, reported the loss of Leonard Smith one of her crew who had been unable to return to the vessel by the sudden closing in of the snow storm. The captain of the Cutter received a telegram this morning announcing the safe arrival in Lanesville of Smith.

The fishing schooner Albert Geiger, lost two men in the storm of yesterday, while out drawing their trawls. The schooner cruised about the vicinity for some hours but without avail. One of the men got into Rockport last night, thoroughly chilled. The other man had not been heard from up to noon today. The schooner is now lying at one of the Boston docks.

### APPROACH OF LENT.

With Ash Wednesday and the advent of Lent the social season is popularly supposed to close, but Portsmouth society will be but little affected by this period of fasting and prayer. Dining parties and formal entertainments will be fewer, but card parties, "at homes" and the sessions of Women's clubs will go on as usual during the season's devotion. However, the days remaining before Lent will be busy ones, regardless of those that follow it.

### RAN INTO ELECTRIC LIGHT POLE

A heavy team, drawn by four horses, and loaded with heavy lumber for the navy yard, crashed into the electric light pole on the corner of Deer and Taughan streets at about eleven o'clock this forenoon, and it was with difficulty that the team was cleared. A party of Battery M boys with some citizens, succeeded in untying the mix-up.

### CITY BRIEFS.

The editor criticized his look--He scored it, page by page; He got him stuck and a loaded brick And called at a shop in rage.

But the editor tumbled him down the stairs, And remarked, as he floundered around, "He isn't much of a writer, But he certainly covers the ground!"

—Atlantic City station.

One more day and then Lent begins. The U. S. S. Alliance is sailing today.

A February thaw would seem to be in order!

Business at the shoe factory is on the increase.

The New York papers failed to connect on Sunday.

Old Boreas is entitled to an extended leave of absence.

Tomorrow evening the "Bellamy" dance.

Extra nice home made cake at the Woman's Exchange.

It is rumored that Estery K. is soon to return to the United States.

Several people were injured by falling on the sidewalks on Sunday.

Coal dealers are among the few people who enjoy this kind of weather.

Wednesday will be the first anniversary of the blowing up of the Maine.

The snow scraper was set at work in the freight yard at noon on Sunday.

The Piscataqua is still doing its full duty as a perfect and safe river for navigation.

Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day and the post office clerks will be kept busier than usual.

All that remains above water of the barge Elmwood is a small bit of her forward cabin.

The attendance at the churches was considerably affected yesterday by the storm and weather.

Train 64 for Boston was twenty minutes late in leaving this city Sunday caused by a hot box.

Charles G. Asay, the popular tenor-artist, has opened a neat and attractive shop on Water street.

The schooners at the south end wharves are all iced up, and the crews have suffered intensely during the storm.

The members of Col. Sise S. F. E. Co., No. 2 have presented their fellow member, Fred B. Haraden, with a band some such.

The trainmen have suffered severely during the past week, and there are numerous cases of frost bitten ears, hands and feet.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Three riveters were required on the yard on Friday instead of three writers as the types made it appear.

It cost the Boston & Maine \$800. to handle the snow in and around the depot, during the recent storm.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

Today was the day set for the visit of the Rockingham County delegation in the legislature to the county farm in Brentwood.

Miss Julia Moses had the gold watch lost by her on Friday evening, returned on Saturday by James Hurley who found it on Ishington street.

T. E. Watson, who has been employed on the navy yard, has returned to his home in Rochester on account of lack of work.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Cochran and William McEvoy will take place at the church of the Immaculate Conception tomorrow morning.

The pavements on many of our principal streets are in a wretched condition. Many of these have not yet been cleaned off since the last big storm.

Owing to an accident to the locomotive on train No. 11 on Sunday that train was 10 minutes late in reaching this city. Another engine was in waiting here and took the train to Portland.

The captain of the snaker barge Elmwood was around last evening trying to charter a fire engine to keep his craft afloat. It would have needed the entire department to have kept the Elmwood above water.

Next Thursday evening at the residence of Hon. Charles P. Berry will be tendered a reception to Rev. George W. Gale of the Middle Street Baptist church, and wife. Joy & Philbrick's orchestra will furnish the music and B. A. Reich will do the catering.

The committee, which has in charge the arrangements for ladies' night, tomorrow evening, by Portsmouth Council, Knights of Columbus, have arranged a fine entertainment. Solos will be rendered by Miss Mary McCarthy, Messrs. E. Kane, G. Buckley and other well-known vocalists.

### EXETER TO EPPING.

Application to Be Made for an Electric Road Charter.

An application will be made at the March law term of supreme court at Concord for a charter, under the General Laws, to construct and operate an electric road from Exeter to Epping. The promoters are well known citizens of the two towns, the Epping residents being especially anxious for the road, and it is assured that it will be built and in operation this year. In addition to the ordinary travel between the two towns it is thought there will be a large summer business to the beach, not only from Epping and the adjacent towns, but from Manchester and other cities in that vicinity of the state, whose inhabitants will then have a direct and a cheap route to Hampton. The road would also be of benefit to visitors and cottagers at the Hedding camp grounds. With the railroad to Hampton, Amesbury and Newburyport, and also to Epping, Exeter will be the center of about thirty miles of operating electric railroads.

### AT THE DEPOT.

The train due here at 9.45 from Boston was a little over an hour late. On account of the huge snow drifts the train had to be run slow.

The Dover train was on time this forenoon.

Station Agent F. F. Grant has every available man at work keeping the track and depot clear of snow.

The mountain train was very nearly on time.

The train from Portland arrived on time and reported the storm raging fiercer here than in the east.

The storm is harder in Boston than it is here. About a foot of snow has already fallen there and is blowing in, blocking all the railroads. All of the east bound trains are running an hour late, and if the storm continues to increase the roads will be completely blocked. The snow is light and blows in quickly.

All of the men that applied for work at the depot this morning were immediately employed.

Just outside of Salem, Mass., the railroads are packed in with snow, but as it is light the trains have thus far succeeded in getting through, although an hour late.

The trainmen report the storm as being light at North Conway and vicinity.

### LONGFELLOW'S MOST FAMOUS LINES.

Longfellow's poems which most touch the heart are about children, and nothing can be more intensely pathetic than these lines:

"There is no fire, no fire, no fire, no fire, But one vacant chair."

The vacant chair is always fraught with saddest memories--sometimes with bitterest regret, because of a young life lost that might perhaps have been saved. There is not a deep lesson in this for parents? Children are frail bark upon life's stormy sea. They are often debilitated and sicken easily. They should be cured at once, for neglect may be forever fatal. Parents who have weak, nervous and sickly children should consult the highest authority in children's complaints, a physician who has made a specialty of treating the chronic, nervous and lingering complaints of children, like Dr. Greene of 21 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who from treating so many of such diseases knows just what is the matter and precisely what to do to effect a cure. You can take your children to Dr. Greene's office and have consultation and advice, absolutely free of charge or write to the doctor about the child's case and he will give you the advice and counsel you need by letter, without charge or fee. Dr. Greene's Nervine, the most famous nerve and blood remedy in the world, has alone been the means of curing large numbers of children. But this grand remedy is only one of the many wonderful restorative and health-giving medicines Dr. Greene has discovered and prepared for various complaints. Dr. Greene uses no poisonous drugs in his treatment of the sick, but all his marvelous curative remedies are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. If you have a sick child, take our advice and consult Dr. Greene about it at once. If you cannot call, write to the doctor fully and freely and you can have his skilled advice and counsel without cost.

### BOX 48

It is rumored that the new fire alarm box, asked for by the residents of Bridge and Hanover streets, is to be granted and probably be No. 48 but what we really want to call your attention to is that the members of Goodrich, No. 4 are meeting with great success in selling their tickets to the 13th annual concert and dance, Tuesday evening, Feb. 23rd. Tickets 50 cents, admitting gent and two ladies to any part of the hall.

Don't miss the "Bellamy" tomorrow evening at Philbrick hall.

### SUNK AT HER MOORINGS.

The big coal barge Elmwood, Captain Morse, sank at her moorings at Charles E. Walker's coal pocket, near the foot of State street, on Sunday evening.

The Elmwood barge in Philadelphia and is owned by the Reading Coal Co. She has 1018 tons of soft coal, consigned to C. E. Walker, and the work of unloading it was to have commenced this morning.

The barge has been lying at the wharf three or four days and on Sunday was hauled ahead quite a few feet so as to work the aft hatch. When the tide went down her bow grounded and it is thought the great weight of coal strained her so as to open the seams from which she rapidly filled with water and sunk.

Captain Morse succeeded in saving his effects by transferring them to the fore-castle, which remained high and dry.

Reserved seats for the Bellamy dance on Tuesday evening for sale at Hoyt and Dow's. Price 35 cents.

## Granite State

Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

### OFFICERS:

President, FRANK JONES;

Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN.

Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;

Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY

Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;

Executive Committee, FRANK JONES,

JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A.

SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE

and E. H. WINCHESTER.

An opportunity to furnish plans and estimates for all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING

is sufficient to convince all that it is wise to consult me.

Best of reference for high class work.

J. E. Hoxie

HENRY PEYSER & SON will offer during February unusual and timely bargains in Men's and Boy's Suits and Overcoats.

To make room for extensive alterations in our salesrooms a large lot of Men's All Wool Suits and Overcoats are offered to close at \$7.75, fully 25 per cent under value.

Annual sale of White Unlaundered Shirts at 50 cents each.

HENRY PEYSER & SON.

ANNUAL MARK-DOWN SALE OF

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Boots and Shoes

AT

C. Fred Duncan's.

Men's Odds and Ends of Blacks and Russets, \$2.50 and \$3.00, now.....90c

Men's Winter Russets, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.77

Men's Black Lace, \$1.50 marked to.....\$1.24

Men's Black Lace, \$2.50 marked to.....\$1.90

Men's Congress, \$2.50 and \$2.00 marked down to.....\$1.49

Men's Willow Calfs, \$4.00 marked down to.....\$3.00

Men's Patent Leathers, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.90

Men's Leather lined Box Calf, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.79

Ladies' Slippers, \$1.25 and \$1.00, now.....40c

Ladies' Button and Lace, sizes 21-2, 3 and 31-2, former price \$2.50, now.....\$1.90

Other small sizes of \$2.00 shoes 40c

50 Pairs of Misses' 13 and 13 1/2, spring heels, \$1.50 and \$1.25, now.....50

## WE MAKE CANDY.

If you desire fresh CANDIES visit headquarters.

The sale and manufacture of all high class CANDIES is our business.

J. H. TAYLOR

FAY BLOCK

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of THE CFELEBRATED

7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS. They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made Sumatra wrapper and long Havana filler. For sale by all first-class dealers.

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by

FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWETT,

Deer and Market Sts., Bridge St

R. C. SULLIVAN,

MANUFACTURER.

Manchester, N. H.

Buy Now!

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stocking Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,

Stone Stable -- Fleet Street

HENRY PEYSER & SON will offer during February unusual and timely bargains in Men's and Boy's Suits and Overcoats.

To make room for extensive alterations in our salesrooms a large lot of Men's All Wool Suits and Overcoats are offered to close at \$7.75, fully 25 per cent under value.

Annual sale of White Unlaundered Shirts at 50 cents each.

HENRY PEYSER & SON.

ANNUAL MARK-DOWN SALE OF

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Boots and Shoes

AT

C. Fred Duncan's.

Men's Odds and Ends of Blacks and Russets, \$2.50 and \$3.00, now.....90c

Men's Winter Russets, \$3.50 marked down to.....\$2.77

Men's Black Lace, \$1.50 marked to.....\$1.24

Men's Black Lace, \$2.50 marked to.....\$1.90

Men's Congress, \$2.50 and \$2.00 marked down to.....\$1.49

Men's Willow Calfs, \$4.00 marked down to.....\$3.